

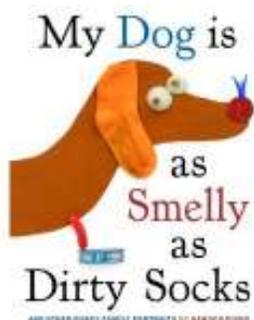
Writing Trait: Organization

Learning Intention: Use Twister and My Dog is as Smelly as Dirty Socks as mentor texts to teach students how to write similes to incorporate in their own stories.

S.D. #71



by Darleen Bailey
Beard



Before Reading:

Learning outcomes: A5, B1, B5, B11
Write the words *dog* and *smelly socks* on the board. Have students do a quick turn and talk to determine what the two may have in common. Explain that the book you are about to read makes comparisons between two completely different things, but manages to connect them together.

During Reading:

Learning outcomes: B6, B11

Explain that comparisons between two seemingly unrelated objects are called *similes* when they contain the words *like* or *as*. Read aloud My Dog is as Smelly as Dirty Socks explaining that this book presents a series of similes.

After Reading and Writing Extensions:

Learning outcomes: C3, C6, C7, C10

After reading My Dog is as Smelly as Dirty Socks have students list the objects that are used to describe family members. Once this concept is made clear, have them write a few family-member similes of their own.

e.g.

At times my Mom is as mad as a rabid dog.

Hmmm? Maybe she has good a good excuse.

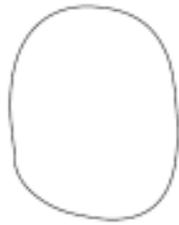
Sometimes my room is as messy as the aftermath of a tornado.

Once students have written and shared their similes, provide students with copies of the following pages from Twister. Students work in groups to locate the similes used by Darlene Bailey Beard in Twister and to add some of their own that would work in this text.

Co-create criteria with students regarding literary devices such as similes.

e.g. 1. needs some poetic language; 2. has one example of poetic language;
3. poetic language adds interest; 4. artful use of poetic language

While this lesson focuses on similes, this book needs to be examined from other writing perspectives as well (see other lesson links).

<p><i>The Traits of Writing</i></p>	 <p>... <i>a start</i></p>	 <p>... <i>coming along</i></p>	 <p>... <i>that's it</i></p>	 <p>... <i>Wow!</i></p>
<p><u>Word choice</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>descriptive words</i> • <i>poetic devices</i> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • • 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • • 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • • 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • •

"Twister!" shouts Mama. "Head for the cellar!"

Out we run, like the little rabbit. Wind shoves us forward,
knocking us into each other.

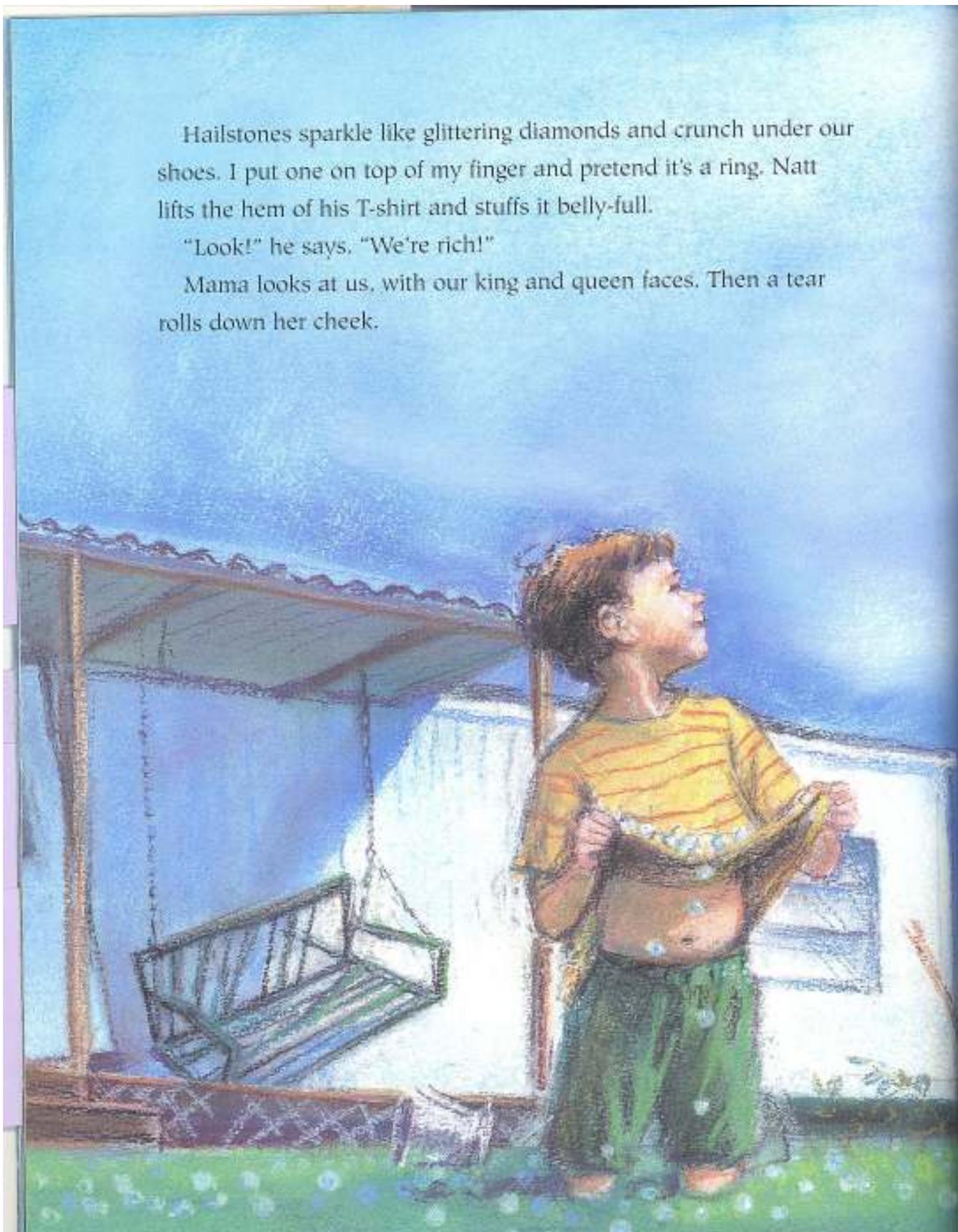
Mama pulls up the door. "You two go in!" she shouts. "Don't
open this door until I come back with Mr. Lyle!"



Hailstones sparkle like glittering diamonds and crunch under our shoes. I put one on top of my finger and pretend it's a ring. Natt lifts the hem of his T-shirt and stuffs it belly-full.

"Look!" he says. "We're rich!"

Mama looks at us, with our king and queen faces. Then a tear rolls down her cheek.



Our lights blink off. So do Mr. Lyle's.
I hold my breath. Mama pulls us close.
"Will Mr. Lyle be okay?" I ask.

"Sure," Mama says, but her eyebrows look scrunched and worried.

Mama lights a candle. We move to her bedroom and turn on the radio, watching clouds dark and furious. Far away, one looks like a lion. Its tail reaches down.



We look out the kitchen window. Bird feeders twirl on their strings, spilling seed and knocking into branches. Mr. Lyle's daffodils droop, their petals full of water.

The rain stops. Hail cracks onto the roof and bounces in the grass like popcorn popping. The porch swing bangs and clangs. The rabbit who lives under the snowball bush zips out, dashing across our yard. "Hurry, little rabbit," I whisper. It skitters under an old pile of brush and tires.

